

Ojamajo Propane: The Series

Episode 1: Collision Course

"YYep."

"Yep."

"Yep."

"Mm-hmm."

It may not have been much, but this was the sound of Hank Hill, and his friends, Dale Gribble, Bill Dauterive, and Boomhauer, drinking beer in an alley, on a peaceful sunrise in the Texan town of Arlen. Hank was a family man who sold propane and propane accessories, with a staunch belief that propane was superior to every fuel in the world. Dale was a paranoid conspiracy theorist, always blaming every little thing on either the government or aliens. Bill was a fat middle-aged man who had seen better days, he was depressed after going through several failed relationships. And Boomhauer was known for talking fast, *really* fast, that is.

Anyways, the four men were in avid conversation in the alley, sipping beers all the way. It was quite peaceful, until Dale dropped a bombshell.

"So, Hank, did you hear about that storm tonight?"

"Dale, what are you talkin' about?" asked Hank.

"That storm, Storm Humphreys, it's comin' over Arlen tonight." said Dale. "Apparently, the government are creating this storm themselves to try and gain access to alternate dimensions."

"Dale, how can a storm be a government plot?" asked Hank.

"I'm tellin' you man, the truth is out there!" exclaimed Dale, jumping around in paranoid excitement. "One day, the sky will turn pink, a terrible portal will open, and before we know it, we'll have aliens, monsters and other space junk infectin' Arlen! The end is near, I tell you what. The end is near!"

"Yeah, well your *ss is going to be pink in a second!" threatened Hank. "After I'm done kickin' it!"

"Don't say I didn't warn you." said Dale.

"Well, a little storm can't be that bad, right?" said Bill. "Hopefully, it'll blow a beautiful wife in my direction."

"Yeah, man, I tell you what man," Boomhauer began to ramble. "Dang ol' storm, dang ol' lightning go KKKKK! Best to scramble on indoors, man."

Suddenly, a strong wind whipped the four men's faces, scattering leaves as the sky turned a gloomy grey. A faint sound of rumbling echoed through the hilly fields. "Hurry

up guys! We gotta get inside!" shouted Dale in a panic. The others quickly complied and scrambled inside Hank's house as lightning began to fork overhead, creating quite the light show. Then, the sky turned a bright hot pink, replacing the grey from earlier, which then proceeded to give way for a purple, crackling portal. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Flashing and banging sounds could be heard in the background, followed by the ground shaking. Eventually, the noise faded out, and the smoke dissipated. When the four men stepped back outside, they were in for quite a shock.

For some reason, the entirety of Arlen had been merged with a quaint-looking magical Japanese town. Not only was the sky still pink, but sparkles trailed through the air, as well as propane and charcoal fumes. The industrial-looking Texan houses had been merged with traditional, fairy-like Japanese houses. A sign nearby was actually two signs fused into one, one meant to read, "Welcome to Misora," and the other one actually meant to read, "Welcome to Arlen." The newly-formed sign read, "Welcome to MisArlen" as a result. The town of Arlen had been merged with the town of Misora, creating a new town, named MisArlen.

"What in the name of propane has happened here?!" questioned Hank.

"See? I told you! I told you so!" yelled Dale. "I told you the government was fusing alternate universes together! No one ever listens to me!"

"Well, you're right on the alternate universes being fused together thing." said Hank. "But I'm still doubtful on whether the government did it."

By golly, did I actually call Dale right? thought Hank. The man's never been right about anything, but this time, he's actually right? Although, they do say that the truth is stranger than fiction.

Hank, Dale, Bill and Boomhauer set off to explore more of their new surroundings. The Mega-Lo Mart was now fused with a strange building known as the Maho-Dou, creating the Mega-Lo Maho-Dou. Tom Landry Middle School was now merged with Misora Elementary School, resulting in MisArlen Elementary and Middle School. And Lake Arlen had been merged with Lake Misora, forming Lake MisArlen.

"Yeah, man, I tell you what man, dang ol' alternate universes bein' merged together, no stranger than the dang ol' Twilight Zone, man." remarked Boomhauer.

"Does this mean I'm single in two countries at once now?" asked Bill.

"First of all, we gotta get to the bottom of where we are." said Hank. "I mean, are we still in Texas? Or have we illegally immigrated to Japan?"

Hank and the others immediately turned back, and headed off towards Hank's house once more. But once they got to the house, a nasty surprise awaited them. Hank's house, like many of the houses on Rainey Street, had been merged with a Japanese house, with one half of the roof being grey from propane fumes, and the other half of the roof being covered with glitter and sparkles. Not only that, but Hank also found some very unexpected visitors in what was ostensibly *HIS* house. A father, mother, and their two daughters were in a very different-looking kitchen to Hank's typical kitchen. The father had spiky brown hair and wore glasses, while the mother had long, wavy brown hair. The older of the two daughters had (literal) red hair tied in two buns, while

the younger of the two daughters was short, and had had pink hair arranged in two wing-shaped pigtails.

Nevertheless, Hank was shocked to find this new family in his house. "HEY!" he shouted. "WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN MY HOUSE?!"

"Actually, I believe this is OUR house." said the father.

"YOUR house?!" questioned Hank.

"Yeah, this is actually OUR kitchen." answered the father. "Although it leads to YOUR living room for some reason."

"Huh, so what you're saying is, is that our houses are inexplicably merged together for some reason." said Hank.

"Pretty much." said the father. "By the way, we're the Harukazes. Allow us to introduce ourselves. I'm Keisuke, this is Haruka, and these are my two daughters, Doremi and Pop."

Keisuke was, quite obviously, the father, and was the wife of Haruka, who was the mother. Doremi was the older daughter with red buns in her hair, whereas Pop was the younger daughter with the pink pigtails. Keisuke ran the Harukaze household, well, before it had merged with the Hill household, and was a fly-fisher by trade, having even written a book devoted entirely to tips about fly fishing. Doremi was somewhat clumsy and chronically unlucky, but deep down, she had a kind heart. Pop, despite still only being in first grade, while Doremi was in fifth grade, was very mature for her age, and was also somewhat super-intelligent. She was already able to do more chores than Doremi, and would sometimes tell Doremi off for being irresponsible, which often led to arguments and fights. Haruka sometimes felt like the only sane woman, often trying her best to keep this dysfunctional family together, occasionally arguing with Keisuke. But deep down, this family loved each other, and was very close-knit.

Although, it was still unknown what led the Hill and Harukaze households to be merged together, even with the other buildings that were merged together. Just then, Hank spotted the fishing rod that Keisuke was carrying. "So... you're a fisherman, eh?" he remarked.

"Yep. Dedicated fisherman." responded Keisuke. "Even wrote a bestselling book about it."

"Which he always goes on about." snarked Haruka.

"Hey, at least he brings home good dinner!" said Doremi.

"Huh, what a coincidence!" exclaimed Hank, with a sense of joy. "I'm a fisherman too! But I tell you what, nothin' beats fish with a sprinkle of good ol' propane!"

The Harukazes just stared blankly at Hank.

"Uh, what's propane?" asked Haruka.

"It's this thing he always goes on about." said Doremi. "Apparently, it's supposed to help with grilling and stuff, but I don't know much about it."

"Well, I sell propane and propane accessories." began Hank. "And let me tell you now, it is the Holy Grail of all fuels. Nothing beats propane, it burns much cleaner than that dirty charcoal, and it is less susceptible to explosions, unlike that unstable butane. It is by far the most American of all fuels, and I tell you what, any usage of any fuel other than propane is just simply un-American, and will not be tolerated for as long as I'm around."

"Is he always like this?" asked Pop.

"Pretty much." responded Doremi. "I've met him before. I tried to sell his propane with my friends when the Maho-Dou was destroyed, but Dale thought we were all government spies and chased us down the road in his van. Next, his boss tried to sell the ancient propane tank located inside the Maho-Dou and went insane! Hank tried to calm him down, but we had to strike back when he took over the school and started going on rants about propane."

"God, it's like he's the pastor of propane or something." said Pop. "The Pope-ane of the Propane, if you will. Somebody tell him we're a charcoal family."

At that, Hank fell silent. "Ch-Charcoal?" he stuttered. "Did you just say, charcoal user? Y'all are tellin' me you're a CHARCOAL FAMILY?!"

"Well, what's wrong with a bit of charcoal?" asked Keisuke.

"Boy, I'll tell you what's wrong with a bit of charcoal!" growled Hank, his temper rising as his face began to redden. "It's not a clean burning fuel! It releases tons of putrid smoke everywhere! Not only does it taint the taste of otherwise perfectly-cooked steak, but it also taints your grill, your backyard, and your family name!"

"Well, excuse us for not being able to afford propane!" retorted Keisuke. "You may go on about how propane is supposedly the gas of the gods, but charcoal's all we can afford! Plus, we come from Japan! You know how RARE propane is over there?! Not EVERYONE has access to propane, you know?"

The two men were now at each other's throats, tensions rising and tempers flaring. The propane vs charcoal debate was getting rather out of hand. Suddenly, Haruka stepped in and started restraining the both of them. "Boys! Boys! This is getting quite silly! Why don't you two put aside your differences and find some common ground?!"

"Common ground?!" Hank barked incredulously. "Common ground?! How can I find common ground with someone who thinks that charcoal is a legitimate fuel?!"

"I could say the same about a propane peddler!" Keisuke shot back, his glasses slipping down his nose as he glared at Hank.

"Now, now, let's all take a deep breath." Haruka urged, looking between the two men. "Let's all work together to find a solution. Now, you two are both fishermen, right?"

The two men nodded.

"Well, you can find common ground by fishing. Why don't you two have a fishing competition, and let all this fuel nonsense just be water under the bridge."

The two men exchanged skeptical glances, their brows furrowing as they processed the idea.

"Well, you're a fisherman, so you at least respect fish somewhat, right?" Hank asked Keisuke.

"Of course I do!" responded Keisuke. "I want nothing but the best for these fish!"

"Okay, I'll bite." Hank replied. "I of course respect fish as well. As they always say, catch and release. Alright, Keisuke, you're right. Let's go catch some fish! May the best fisherman win!"

And so the two men shook hands, and grabbed their fishing rods, and headed up right to Lake MisArlen, where Hank started digging up for worms.

"Uh, Hank, what are you doing?" asked Keisuke.

"I'm digging up for worms." said Hank, who was now shovelling dirt with his bare hands. "Good ol' American worms, that is. Home-grown and made in the U.S of A. Of course, usin' any other bait would be cheatin'."

"Are you sure you don't want to use my bait, that I bought from the Mega-Lo Mart before it became the Maho-Dou?" asked Keisuke. "They're really good fishing lures that attract any kind of fish."

"I hate the Mega-Lo Mart." said Hank. "They've been putting many small, trusted businesses out of work in exchange for bigger pockets. And the quality of their products is poor as well. I know it's supposed to be cheap, but lower quality fishing bait tends to attract less fish. That's why I stick with the good ol' fashioned American worm, it's the highest-quality bait because it's just simply natural to fish. And it's free."

"Okay, suit yourself." said Keisuke.

But as Hank began to dig more and more for worms, he stumbled across a very peculiar worm. This worm, for some inexplicable reason, was glowing green! "What the heck?" questioned Hank. "Keisuke! Keisuke! Get over here and look at this worm!"

Keisuke immediately went over to investigate this strange worm. "Huh... odd... this worm here is glowing green! Are you sure you wanna use that, Hank?"

"Well, what did I tell ya before?" began Hank. "I've said it once, and I'll say it again, it all starts with a good ol' hand-dug American worm. Now, this may be a very strange worm, but it's good enough in my books."

But as he attached the worm to the hook, he did not notice a discarded steel barrel that lay next to him. It contained some weird, glowing green sludge, with the words "DANGER! RADIOACTIVE!" written on the barrel. The sludge seemed to have spilled onto the soil, turning it green and infecting the local lifeforms around it. Now, this particular worm was now infected with this radioactive sludge, and Hank was getting ready to cast it into the lake.

And Hank immediately cast the line into the lake, blissfully unaware of what was going to happen next. The lake had suddenly turned a bright green, and was bubbling like mad. "Uh, Keisuke? What's happening?" asked Hank nervously.

"I don't know what you've put in here, Hank." answered Keisuke. "But whatever it is, we need to get outta here right now!"

Suddenly, the surface of Lake MisArlen erupted in a frothy green explosion. The water bubbled and churned as if it were alive, sending sprays of fluorescent, toxic liquid into the air. Hank and Keisuke stumbled backward, eyes wide in disbelief, then proceeded to run for their lives, straight out of Lake MisArlen, like total cowards. (Although it was pretty justifiable, as they didn't quite know what they had created, and things were getting ugly pretty fast.)

Meanwhile, at the newly merged Hill-Harukaze household, Doremi and Pop were seated at the dinner table, eternally awaiting their dinner. Keisuke had promised to bring them home some fish that he had freshly caught, but it sure was taking a long time to arrive. (They didn't know about the incident at Lake MisArlen.) Now, they were utterly ravenous.

Doremi fidgeted in her seat, glancing at the clock on the wall for what felt like the hundredth time. "Where's Dad?" she sighed. "He left to go fishing a long time ago and said he'd be back with dinner."

"I don't know." said Pop. "Maybe he got lost in the woods, *again*."

The clock continued to count down the minutes ominously. TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK! TICK! TICK! TICK! The sisters' eyes were wide with hunger. Pop had decided to walk down to the living room and pick up a newspaper that was lying near the TV. Suddenly, her eyes widened with shock. "DOREMI! DOREMI!" she shouted. "GET IN HERE! YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS!"

Doremi immediately rushed into the living room, wanting to know the full story of what had happened here. "Wh-What is it Pop?!" she panted.

Pop held up the newspaper for Doremi to see, which read the following, "GIANT FISH SPOTTED NEAR LAKE MISARLEN. RESIDENTS URGED TO STAY INSIDE AT ALL TIMES."

"G-GIANT FISH?!" stammered Doremi. "WHAT IN THE HOLY NAME OF GOD CREATED THAT THING?!"

The two sisters then turned on the TV, trembling in fear. "TONIGHT, ON MISARLEN'S DEADLIEST BEASTS," the TV blared out. "WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE WATER-DWELLING, SOFT-BODIED, SHARK-TOOTHED TERROR! KNOWN TO BE PATROLLING LAKE MISARLEN RECENTLY, THIS PARTICULAR BEAST COULD BE THE RESULT OF A MAN-MADE PRODUCT, OR IT COULD BE A CASE OF ACCELERATED EVOLUTION! INTRODUCING, THE **MEGA-LO TROUT!**"

The screen flashed a picture of a half-trout, half-shark like being rising out of the water. Pieces of wood, presumably the remains of boats, were lodged in its mouth, while people were shown running or swimming to the shore.

"Aye, mate, I'm just here at Lake MisArlen, where the Mega-Lo Trout is currently said to be lurking." reported an Australian-accented presenter. "According to rumours, it seems to have shark-like teeth, but the gigantic body of a normal trout. It also seems to be a product of nuclear radiation. I'm fishing here right now. Oh, I got a bite! I got a bite- CRIKEY! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE TEETH! OH NO! IT'S GOT ME! IT'S GOT ME IN ITS JAWS! SAVE ME! SAVE ME! AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

The Mega-Lo Trout had immediately devoured the reporter, leaving behind only a half-chewed fishing rod. The television displayed a TV test card consisting of multiple coloured bars, and text reading, "TECHNICAL ISSUES. WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK."

As the commercials rolled, both Doremi and Pop were gawking in shock, their mouths hanging wide open. This Mega-Lo Trout sure was one heck of a monster. It was a freak of nature, that was for sure. Suddenly, Pop had a light bulb flash in her head. "Hey Doremi," she began. "Why don't we go out and catch that Mega-Lo Trout for ourselves? It'll make for some good dinner!"

"Pop, are you insane?!" exclaimed Doremi incredulously. "I mean, we could get killed! Or devoured! Or both! What would our parents think of this?!"

"Ah, come on!" Pop insisted, her eyes gleaming with determination and excitement. "You know how cooking is just part of the chores, right? All this is is just cooking. Except it involves catching a gigantic fish with a net, but hey, we can cook it. Besides, you need to do more chores around here, I'm getting sick of doing everything for you!"

"This is not about the chores, Pop." said Doremi. "This is about a life-or-death situation that we are deliberately launching ourselves in."

"We are Harukaze women!" Pop encouraged. "We take on life-or-death situations to take care of ourselves! We take the initiative! Why, we can't be expected to just sit around all day waiting for dinner, that would only make us more hungry!"

Doremi sighed, knowing her sister had a point. "Fine, but if we do this, we have to be careful. We need to stick together, and no matter what happens, we get out of there if things get dangerous!"

"Deal!" Pop said, pumping her fist in the air as they rushed to grab their gear.

Meanwhile, back at the lake, Hank and Keisuke were still catching their breath after their narrow escape. "What was that thing?" Hank gasped, still shaken. "I've never seen anything like it in my life!"

"I think it was your 'American worm' that did this!" Keisuke panted, pointing a shaky finger at the glowing worm still attached to Hank's fishing rod. "You brought that glowing worm here, and now it's created a monster!"

"Look, I didn't know it was radioactive!" Hank protested, looking at the worm as if it had betrayed him. "I just wanted a good catch!"

Just then, they heard a loud crashing sound from the direction of the lake. They turned to see the Mega-Lo Trout breaking the surface, its enormous form glistening in the pink light of the sky. It was thrashing about, its enormous jaws snapping at the air, and it was clearly hungry.

"Run!" Keisuke shouted, grabbing Hank by the arm as they dashed back through the trees. The ground trembled beneath them as the Mega-Lo Trout leaped out of the water, its massive body landing with a splash that sent waves crashing toward the shore.

As Doremi and Pop made their way out of the house, the pink sky loomed above them, casting an eerie glow over the newly merged town. Pop led the way, her heart racing with anticipation. "Just think, Doremi! This is going to be the best darn dinner we've ever had!" They arrived at Lake MisArten, where the surface looked like a bubbling cauldron of bright green slime. The air was thick with tension, and both sisters exchanged nervous glances.

"Uh, are you sure we should be doing this?" Doremi questioned, her bravado wavering.

Pop nodded enthusiastically. "Absolutely! We just need to be smart about it. Like casting a potato chip on the end of the line. Fish love potato chips!"

They found a safe spot to set up their fishing gear and began casting their lines into the lake. Doremi fidgeted with her pole, glancing around nervously. "What if the Mega-Lo Trout is watching us right now?" she whispered.

"Then we'll be ready!" Pop grinned, trying to keep her sister's spirits high. "Just stay focused and keep an eye on your line."

Minutes passed, and Doremi's anxiety grew. "Come on, Mega-Lo Trout." cooed Pop, in a sing-song voice. "Come out, come out, wherever you are."

"I don't know, Pop. Maybe we should just—"

Suddenly, Pop's line jerked violently, almost pulling her into the water. "I got something!" she shouted, excitement coursing through her veins.

"Be careful!" Doremi warned as she watched her sister struggle to reel in whatever was on the other end.

With a final heave, Pop pulled the line, and out of the water erupted an ugly creature that was half-trout, half-shark, with teeth sharper than knives, a seemingly endless void for a mouth, and two beady, black, cold, soulless eyes. The Mega-Lo Trout was bigger than they had imagined, its scales shimmering in the evening light, and its razor-sharp teeth glinting menacingly.

"AHHHH!" Doremi screamed, stumbling back. "What have we done?!"

"Quick! Reel it in! We can do this!" Pop shouted, her determination shining through the fear.

The Mega-Lo Trout thrashed wildly as it tried to escape, but Pop held on, her grip firm. "I think I can get it closer!"

"Just don't let it bite you!" Doremi warned, her heart racing as she grabbed her own rod to help.

As the girls worked together, the fish flailed, spraying water everywhere. The lake bubbled and churned, the atmosphere charged with chaos. Just then, a loud rumble echoed across the lake, and the ground shook beneath their feet.

"What was that?!" Doremi cried, looking around in panic.

"Just keep reeling!" Pop urged, eyes locked on the fish. "We're almost there!"

With one final tug, the Mega-Lo Trout was pulled closer to the edge, and the girls' eyes widened as they realized how massive it truly was. "We did it!" Pop yelled, breathless with excitement.

"Now what?!" Doremi shouted, not quite sure how to handle the situation.

Before they could celebrate their victory, the Mega-Lo Trout let out a terrifying roar, shaking the ground even more. Suddenly, the horrific abomination of nature started sprouting two muscular, human-like legs, which reached to half the size of the surrounding trees and dripped with slime. The Mega-Lo Trout then started chasing the two sisters on foot, with a psychotic vengeance in its eyes.

"RUN!" Doremi screamed, and the sisters bolted away from the lake just as the creature snapped at their heels, sending splashes of water flying. The unholy fish embarked on a crazy pursuit of them, seemingly running with a skill level on par with a pro athlete as it barged straight into the city, knocking over cars, toppling lampposts, and smashing through buildings.

But as the Mega-Lo Trout rampaged through the city, Dale, Bill, and Boomhauer were watching in the background. "GOOD LORD! WHAT IS THAT THING?!" yelled Bill.

"TOLD YA! GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTATION!" exclaimed Dale. "THE GOVERNMENT HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON FISH TO FIND NEW WAYS TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT! IT'S JFK WITH MUTANTS!"

"MAN! DANG OL' FISH AIN'T MEANT TO BE THIS BIG!" shouted Boomhauer.

As Hank and Keisuke met up with the gang, the adults began to devise a gameplan as Doremi and Pop ran in the direction of the Mega-Lo Maho-Dou. "Alright," Hank began. "I admit that I *kinda* didn't know that the worm I was fishing with was radioactive and it created a monster that is now going to kill us all if we don't do something. Any suggestions?"

"*Kinda* didn't know the worm was radioactive?" questioned Keisuke. "It was *literally GREEN!* And you were so insistent on using American-made products that you just simply couldn't go with any other bait, that *wouldn't* create super-mutants!"

"I reckon it's that Mega-Lo Mart," said Dale. "They've been making their bait radioactive so that the resulting fish can go all X-Fish and destroy other businesses. It's all part of the corporate takeover of Jameripan!"

"Jameripan?" questioned Hank.

"Think about it, America's been merged with Japan now thanks to that pink storm," said Dale. "Therefore, the resulting country is now called Jameripan."

"Dale, that's an insult to everything Christopher Columbus stood for." said Hank.

"Well, we could use Hank's truck to haul the Mega-Lo Trout and slow it down." suggested Bill. "Like when we un-tipped that trailer one time."

"Yeah, we'll need a lot of rope for that." said Hank.

And so the group immediately embarked back to the Hill-Harukaze household, where Hank's truck was parked in the garage of the Hill side of the house. Aside of it was a metal box, containing a coil of thick rope. As they reached the garage, Hank quickly began to assess the situation. "Alright, everyone grab some rope," he instructed, his voice steady despite the chaos unfolding outside. "We've got to act fast before that Mega-Lo Trout turns the whole town into a seafood buffet!"

"Dale, grab the truck keys!" Bill shouted, already rummaging through the pile of tools and fishing gear that had accumulated over the years.

"Uh, I think I left them in the house," Dale replied sheepishly. "I was going to make a run for supplies, but then I got distracted by the whole 'giant fish rampaging through the town' thing."

"Dale, you're not helping!" Hank barked, his frustration mounting. "Just focus on finding something we can use to slow that monster down!"

While Dale scurried off to retrieve the keys, Keisuke peered out through the garage doors, watching the Mega-Lo Trout wreak havoc on the street. "We have to pull it away from the houses!" he suggested. "If we can tie the rope from the truck around the Mega-Lo Trout, we just might be able to pull it away from the houses and get it back to the lake."

Bill and Boomhauer worked together to tie the first part of the rope to Hank's truck, forming a loop, while Dale quickly returned with the keys. Hank and Keisuke got into the truck and started revving up, eventually driving off at 120 mph with Dale, Bill and Boomhauer carrying the rope.

Meanwhile, Doremi and Pop were still running away from the Mega-Lo Trout, until they came to the conclusion to hide in the woods again. "Alright Doremi, I've got an idea! Let's use magic to counter the Mega-Lo Trout!" announced Pop.

"Magic? Are you mad?!" questioned Doremi. "But several adults are out there! Hank, Dad, Dale, those two other guys Hank drinks with, we could be found out as witches and be turned into witch frogs!"

But they saw the Mega-Lo Trout approaching yet again, its monstrous legs thumping and kicking up dirt like that of a horse.

"Alright, Pop, let's do this." she said. "Let us take back what is rightfully ours, our dinner!"

The two girls whipped out a circular device with multiple coloured buttons and one big button with a musical note on it out of their pockets. They immediately pressed the larger button, which caused the devices to glow the colours of pink and red, float in the air, and play a faint piece of music. Suddenly, two uniform-like outfits, resembling witch-

like outfits, in the colours of pink and red respectively, floated down from the air. Doremi and Pop scrambled to put the new outfits on over their other clothes, as they seemingly had to get the outfits on before the music ran out. Once they hastily managed to get the outfits on, they proclaimed, in sheer determination, loudly, "Pretty-Witchy Team Doremi-chi and Pop-chi!"

Now, the two girls were armed with broomsticks and tubular wand-like devices known as pollons. The Mega-Lo Trout was startled by the sudden transformation, but began charging at the two girls anyway.

"Pirika Pirilala Popolina Peperuto!" chanted Doremi, pointing her pollon at the Mega-Lo Trout. "Set the Mega-Lo Trout on fire!"

Doremi's pollon glowed pink for a couple of seconds, then shot out a beam of fire in the direction of the Mega-Lo Trout. But, much to her shock, the Mega-Lo Trout merely shook it off, somehow not managing to go in flames at all. "WHAAA?!" she exclaimed. "It shook off the attack! Now what do we do?!"

"Leave it to me!" Pop declared. "Pipito Purito Puritan Peperuto! Impale the Mega-Lo Trout!"

What the spell was SUPPOSED to do was summon spikes from the ground to impale the Mega-Lo Trout as it ran. But INSTEAD, the spikes came down from its mouth, giving it a new set of teeth.

"RUN!" Pop screamed, and the two sisters bolted in the direction of the Mega-Lo Maho-Dou. It was getting rather late at night now, and a black sky was slowly replacing the pink one. You see, the thing with the Mega-Lo Maho-Dou was that it was the Mega-Lo Mart merged with the Maho-Dou, but both had different opening times. The Mega-Lo Mart section was open during the day, where it mostly served a large variety of consumers from across MisArten. Whereas the Maho-Dou section was only open at night, when the Mega-Lo Mart closed.

Of course, during all of this chaos, the Maho-Dou was on high alert. Inside, four other girls stood, wearing identical uniforms to that of Doremi and Pop, in the colours of orange, blue, purple and yellow respectively. The girl in the orange uniform wore glasses and had brown hair tied with a bow into a ponytail, the girl in the blue uniform had short, blue hair, the girl in the purple uniform had purple hair arranged into a bob cut, and the girl in the yellow uniform had blonde hair tied into looped pigtails. They were perched on top of a lookout post above the shop's roof, but oddly enough, instead of pollons, they held coloured sniper rifles, all aiming for the approaching Mega-Lo Trout.

"HAZUKI-CHAN! AIKO-CHAN! ONPU-CHAN! MOMOKO-CHAN! THIS IS A DISASTER!" cried Doremi.

"OH, DOREMI-CHAN!" yelled Aiko, the girl with the short blue hair. "YA JUST MISSED THE QUEEN OF THE WITCH WORLD! WE'VE GOT SNIPER RIFLES NOW!"

The rest of the Ojamajos immediately slid down from the lookout post and back into the Maho-Dou, where they then greeted Doremi and Pop as they entered.

"Alright you guys, have you ever heard of the news?" asked Pop.

"You mean about the Mega-Lo Trout?" answered Hazuki, the girl with the glasses and brown hair. "Yes, the queen recently came to visit us to check on how we were doing and found out that Misora had been merged with Arlen. So we had our wands converted into sniper rifles, since I heard that's what people use in Texas. Just for this particular occasion, though."

"Don't worry, they only shoot magic, not bullets." reassured Onpu, the girl with the purple hair.

"And the best part is, you don't even need to chant your spells." said Momoko. "Just fire away!"

The Ojamajos then ran and fetched Doremi and Pop two other rifles, each in the colours of red and pink respectively. Suddenly, there was a loud thumping sound outside, progressively getting louder and louder. CRASH! The Mega-Lo Trout had crashed straight through the Maho-Dou's shop windows, and was now snapping its jaws wildly, while the Ojamajos were opening fire on it. Multicoloured blasts bounced everywhere, smashing artifacts and cracking the walls. The Mega-Lo Trout, although significantly slowed down, was still unfazed by the magic.

"Quick guys, TO THE TOP!" ordered Doremi. The Ojamajos scurried up the stairs to the top part of the Maho-Dou and watched the Mega-Lo Trout wreak havoc downstairs, trying to devise a gameplan.

"Just shooting it ain't gonna work." said Momoko. "It's got way too much blubber on it. We need to find a way to restrain it and then kill it directly."

"These sniper rifles are useless!" shouted Aiko, before throwing hers down to the ground in anger.

"A-Ai-chan, calm down." consoled Onpu. "I know you're not used to it, but it's only temporary, while we're defeating the Mega-Lo Trout. Besides, there's probably a reason why the queen gave us these weapons, we just need to put our minds to it. Like this."

Onpu pointed her rifle at the Mega-Lo Trout, but didn't fire. Instead, she concentrated and focused, hard, remaining very still, having a very calm but determined expression on her face. Then, she fired a purple light from her rifle, but instead of merely deflecting from the Mega-Lo Trout, it managed to enchant it and lift it directly into the air. Bathed in a purple glow, it struggled to break free. With swift movement of her hands, she managed to manipulate the Mega-Lo Trout's movements, almost in the fashion of telekinesis, sending it flying across the Maho-Dou, banging it into walls countless times, and eventually launching it out of the window, where it ran away in both a rage and fear once the magic wore off.

"See? You just have to clear your mind, focus on your deepest desires, have a pure heart, and let the magic work itself." stated Onpu.

"Clear... your mind, huh?" said Aiko. "That actually makes sense. We were too stressed, so that's why our attacks weren't hitting!"

"Well, the Mega-Lo Trout's gone now," began Doremi. "But it still hasn't been subdued yet. Therefore, I recommend that we give chase to it!"

And with that, the Ojamajos whipped out their brooms and began to give chase towards the Mega-Lo Trout, flying high into the air to avoid being seen. Meanwhile, back on the street, Hank and the others were still trying to tie a rope around the Mega-Lo Trout, with Hank driving his truck at full speed, Dale standing on top of the truck with a net clearly too small for its target, Boomhauer carrying the other end of the rope tied to the truck whilst running to keep up, Keisuke craning his neck out of the window like a dog, and Bill eating a bagel in the back of the truck.

"Alright, gang," began Hank. "We've got to get that rope around it before it turns our town into sushi!"

As they rounded a corner, they spotted the Mega-Lo Trout attempting to bulldoze its way through a line of cars parked on the street. The truck shook as Hank hit the gas, trying to gain speed. "Dale!" Hank yelled, glancing up at his friend precariously standing atop the truck. "You've got to be ready to throw that net! Just make sure you aim for the fish, not me!"

"I was born for this!" declared Dale, before getting out a chainsaw and revving it up. He then proceeded to jump off the truck and onto the back of the Mega-Lo Trout, yelling "SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-SHAAAAAWWWWWWWWWW!" The Mega-Lo Trout was thrashing wildly now that a human was on its back, but Dale wasn't giving up, he stuck the chainsaw into the creature's back and started running with it, almost as if he was mowing a proverbial flesh lawn.

At that moment, the Mega-Lo Trout leaped into the air, landing with a thud that shook the ground beneath them. Its massive tail whipped around, sending Dale flying, and Hank swerved the truck to catch Dale. Then, just by charging, the Mega-Lo Trout split the rope in half, undoing all of the Texans' hard work.

"ACK! NOW WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?!" screamed Bill.

"Well Hank, this looks like the end." whimpered Keisuke. "We may not have known each other for so long, but you're not only the best fisherman I've ever known, you're the best friend I ever had!"

"I'm sorry for criticizing charcoal!" wailed Hank.

"I'm sorry for calling you a propane peddler!" wept Keisuke.

The two men hugged each other, tears streaming down both of their faces, howling like wolves, in what looked to be THE most unmanly display of the 21st century.

Meanwhile, the Ojamajos were soaring through the air, on their brooms, chasing down the Mega-Lo Trout. "There it is!" pointed Doremi, her heart racing with a mix of fear and determination. "We have to do something!"

She slightly fiddled with her rifle a bit, trying to figure out how to detach the pollon from it. "Uh, guys? Does anyone know magical mechanics around here? I'm trying to cast a spell around here!"

"Uh, the cocking piece also functions as the release button." replied Hazuki. "If you want your wand, just cock the gun, then uncock it."

Doremi followed Hazuki's instructions, with the gun releasing her pollon within seconds. "Pirika Pirilala Popolina Peperuto!" chanted Doremi. "Bucket of chum, appear!"

Indeed, a bucket of chum did appear in her hands. Pop had forced her to watch way too many shark movies to know what to do when a shark was attacking, (Doremi mainly hid behind the couch.) and the Mega-Lo Trout was no exception. She began to drop chum from her broom onto the road, resulting in the Mega-Lo Trout momentarily stopping to engage in its newfound feast.

As it was distracted, Hazuki raised her rifle, preparing to fire. She aimed carefully, taking a deep breath to calm her nerves. She pulled the trigger, sending forth a bright orange light shaped like a rope that encircled the fish's legs. The magical energy sparked and flickered, attempting to bind the creature in place.

The Mega-Lo Trout thrashed violently, trying to break free from the enchantment. "It's working!" shouted Pop, her eyes wide with excitement. "Now we just need to hold it still!"

Just then, Onpu focused her energy onto her rifle, a purple light enveloping both it and her hands. When she actually fired, she was able to lift the Mega-Lo Trout with her bare hands from 300 feet in the air. She then clicked her fingers, sending the Mega-Lo Trout flying towards the MisArten water tower, knocking it over in the process. While the Mega-Lo Trout tried to scurry away, Aiko focused her energy, and fired at every single lamp post on the street, knocking them all over and bonking the Mega-Lo Trout on the head, knocking it unconscious. The Ojamajos landed alongside it, gazing at all the destruction.

"Wow... Look at all this property damage..." gasped Doremi.

"Looks like we've caused quite the mess, haven't we?" said Hazuki, surveying the wreckage left in the wake of the Mega-Lo Trout's rampage.

"We saved the town, though!" exclaimed Pop, her eyes sparkling with excitement despite the chaos around them. "And we caught our dinner!"

"I don't think 'caught' is the right word," Doremi replied, wiping sweat from her forehead. "More like... subdued it for the moment."

Suddenly, the Mega-Lo Trout began to stir, its eyes fluttering open. "Oh no, it's waking up!" Doremi shouted, stepping back. "Momo-chan, you create a fire wall, Pop, you harpoon it. Use your wands this time, they're the only things efficient for this spell!"

Momoko immediately stood to the side of the road, while Pop awaited at the end, both freeing their pollons from their rifles. The Mega-Lo Trout charged, in one final attack, a last bid to calm down its anger.

"Perutan Petton Pararira Pon!" chanted Momoko. "Construct a wall which will soon blaze!"

And just like that, a wall of fire was summoned, burning a deep, dark yellow. Oblivious to its surroundings and blinded by rage, the Mega-Lo Trout ran straight through it, setting its body entirely on fire, cooking its flesh.

"Pipito Purito Puritan Peperuto!" chanted Pop. "Give me a harpoon!"

In a puff of smoke, Pop was gifted a harpoon, which she clutched tightly in her hands, waiting for the Mega-Lo Trout to approach. As the flaming fish charged forward, its massive body swaying side to side, Pop steadied her grip on the harpoon, adrenaline surging through her veins. "Just aim for the center of its body!" Doremi instructed, her heart racing as she watched the beast draw closer. The fire flickered dangerously around it, illuminating the chaos that had unfolded in MisArten.

With a fierce battle cry, Pop hurled the harpoon with all her might. **"SMILE, YOU SON OF A WITCH!"**

The harpoon soared through the air, striking the Mega-Lo Trout squarely in the chest. The creature let out a deafening roar, thrashing violently, but the magical binding that Hazuki had cast held firm, keeping it restrained. The flames licked at its scales, and with a final burst of energy, the Mega-Lo Trout collapsed, defeated and dead.

"WE DID IT!" The Ojamajos cheered, their voices ringing out amidst the destruction. They immediately flew on their brooms to check on how the Texans were doing, finding Hank and Keisuke still weeping in the truck. As the other Ojamajos floated above, Aiko knocked on the door. "OI! YOU LOT!" she called out in excitement. "WHAT'S WITH ALL THE CRYIN'? WE GOT THAT GIANT FISH UNDER CONTROL!"

"Y-You mean- you actually mean you took care of that giant fish?!" stammered Hank.

"Yep! We subdued it so it's free to cook!" said Doremi, turning to Keisuke. "Come on, Dad, stop crying, you're just making yourself look silly in front of your own daughter."

"But the Mega-Lo Trout!" stammered Keisuke. "What if it comes back to attack?!"

"It won't come back to attack!" reassured Doremi. "We made sure it was dead! Now come along and feast, Dad! We're not having a repeat of New Year's Eve, after you watched that fish soap opera and wouldn't come downstairs because you were too busy crying."

Keisuke finally composed himself, glancing at the Ojamajos with admiration. "Th-That's incredible!" His eyes started filling with tears again. "I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!" he yelled, running towards Doremi and Pop and hugging them tightly. "Quit it Dad, you're squishing us!" said Pop.

"Yeah," Hank added, "but you know we're going to have to figure out what to do with it now. I mean, it's not every day you get a fish that's half-trout, half-shark, and... well, that big!"

Doremi giggled. "Well, how about we cook it? Me and Pop have been starving for ages!"

"Yeah, sorry about that." apologized Keisuke. "I was going to fish you two up a normal fish, but *HE* had to use a hand-dug American worm! Could've noticed that it was radioactive, but he was just, too, TOO proud."

"HEY! At least I gave something that made you proud of your daughters." responded Hank.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," chuckled Keisuke, wiping away his tears. "But let's be real—how are we going to cook a fish that big?"

As the group gathered around the fallen Mega-Lo Trout, its massive form sprawled out on the ground, the realization of the size of their catch began to sink in. Doremi looked at the fish, then back at the members of the Hill-Harukaze household. "I think we might need to call in some reinforcements for this one," she suggested.

"Not to mention a serious cooking plan," added Pop, looking at the fish's mouth, which was still lined with rows of glistening teeth. "I mean... how do you even grill something that size?"

"I know how!" declared Hank. "With good ol' propane and propane accessories!"

"Oh, here he goes again." groaned Pop.

"When it comes to grilling fish," Hank began. "Propane is the most efficient fuel, for the heat not only covers the entirety of the fish, but it's also clean-burnin', never releasing pollution into the atmosphere, while also preserving the taste of the original meat. As Strickland Propane always says, *Taste the meat, not the heat.*"

"Or, we could use charcoal!" Keisuke grinned, hoping to get a rise out of Hank. "Charcoal does everything propane does, but *better*. It is much quicker to cook with than propane, and it gives the meat a much more *smokier* flavour! Plus, it's *affordable*!"

"Propane!" argued Hank.

"Charcoal!" argued Keisuke.

"What about using both?" suggested Doremi.

"USING BOTH?!" exclaimed Hank. "The horror! Young lady, you don't know what you're messin' with! The propane would be clean-burnin', but the charcoal would be affordable, and the meat would have its original taste combined with the smokier one, and it would be much quicker to cook with!"

He later thought about what he just said.

"You know what, that's a stroke of genius if I ever saw one."

"Good idea, Hank!" Keisuke agreed. "I reckon we could use the Mega-Lo Maho-Dou's kitchen! It's equipped for big orders and I saw a few industrial grills in there when we passed by!"

With newfound determination, the group set to work. Bill and Boomhauer, along with Keisuke, worked on tying the dead Mega-Lo Trout to Hank's truck, while Hank drove the Mega-Lo Trout to the Maho-Dou, while the Ojamajos flew ahead on their brooms to prepare the kitchen. Once they arrived at the Maho-Dou, the Ojamajos quickly cleared the area, moving tables and chairs out of the way to make room for the colossal fish. They knew they would need a plan to cook the Mega-Lo Trout and serve it to everyone in MisArten.

"Okay, everyone!" Doremi called out, standing on a table to get everyone's attention. "We need to chop it up first! Then we can grill some steaks, make some fish stew, and maybe even have some sushi!"

As the Texans and Ojamajos worked together, they quickly devised a plan to cut the fish into manageable portions. They finally settled for a combination of traditional Japanese knives and good old-fashioned Texan grilling tools. Keisuke and Hank took the lead in cutting the fish, while the Ojamajos prepared various seasonings and sides. As they worked, the aroma of grilled fish filled the air, mixing with the sweet scent of the magical ingredients that Doremi and her friends had conjured up. It was a feast fit for both Texan and Japanese tastes.

After a while, the feast was ready. They gathered around a long table outside the Maho-Dou, with beautifully grilled fish steaks on one side and colorful sushi rolls on the other. The atmosphere was filled with laughter, chatter, and the clinking of glasses as everyone raised them in a toast.

"To propane!" Hank declared loudly, raising his glass of propane-infused beer. "To new friends and a successful dinner, and to never taking a radioactive worm for granted again!"

"Cheers!" everyone echoed, clinking their glasses together, the sound ringing out across the newly merged town of MisArlen.

But what they didn't know was, for as long as the towns of Arlen and Misora were merged together, things were about to get *weird*. **Hella weird.**

TO BE CONTINUED...